8 Eng. Poetry vol 2d

A Congratulatory

POEM

To His GRACE the

D. of ARGYLE,

On His late

VICTORY

Over the REBELS

IN

SCOTLAND.

Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
Digne ſcripſerit? -------- Hor.

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To His GRACE

THE

Duke of ARGYLE.

WHilſt Great *ARGYLE*, allur'd with Worthy Views,
His Country's Good in *Rebel-Lands* purſues;
Whilſt gaudy Trophies, and attendant Fame,
The Mighty HERO's Noble Soul proclaim,
And hardy Legions tremble at the Name:
The grateful Muſe her ready Homage pays
In modeſt Verſe and Tributary Lays,
And vainly ſtrives in loftieſt Flights of Thought,
To view the Wonders that the HERO wrought.

To Yōu, *Great Leader*, 'tis to You we owe
Our *Northern* Conqueſts, and the vanquiſh'd Foe:
To You, we owe the Ills of War reſtrain'd
To the ſole Limits of the guilty Land.

BRITANNIA reſts ſecur'd from all Alarms,
In the ſafe Refuge of your Conqu'ring Arms:
Rumors of foreign Wars, and diſtant Woes,
Only conſpire to ſoften our Repoſe.
Whilſt You, *My Lord*, defend the ſure Frontier,
In vain the Perjur'd REBEL ſhakes his Spear;
In vain the many Diſaffected join,
And wedg'd Battalions throng the crouded Line;
In vain the long-extended Wings diſplay
Their num'rous Squadrons in exact Array:
Their vaſt aſſociate Numbers but afford,
A larger *Copia* to the *Britiſh* Sword.
Witneſs the Plains, and *Allan*'s diſtant Flood,
Encumber'd with the Dead, and ſwoln with Blood.

Go on, Brave Youth, revenge your Country's Cauſe,
Her plunder'd Provinces and broken Laws.
Go on, Brave Youth, revenge the many Slain,
That lie unburied on the Fatal Plain,
Nor let them cry for juſt Revenge in vain.

There like himſelf Young FORFAR bravely ſtood,
Nobly diſtinguiſh'd in a Sea of Blood;
Thro' ſlaughter'd Squadrons there He forc'd his Way,
Pleas'd with the Glorious Dangers of the Day.

O fatal Love of Arms! diſaſtrous Fate!
Attendant only on the Good and Great.
See! the Young Noble bleeds at ev'ry Pore,
Diſfigur'd with his Wounds, and ſtain'd with Gore;
And ev'ry bitter Groan, and ev'ry Sigh,
For Vengeance on th' inhuman Ruffians cry.

Here happier ILAY charg'd the num'rous Foe,
And Rebel-Cohorts trembled at the Blow.
O bleſs'd Eſſay of Arms! indulgent Doom!
Prelude of mightier Victories to come!

Since ſuch great Souls *BRITANNIA*'s Iſles adorn,
For Glories, Honours, and for Triumphs born;
Let Civil Diſcord ever, ever ceaſe,
And *ALBION*'s Quarrels all be huſh'd in Peace:
That envious Faction may no longer dare
The Sword of Juſtice, or the Sword of War.

Thus You, My Lord, and under Your Command,
The very noble Patriots of the Land,
Secure our Countries from impending Woes,
And give *BRITANNIA*'s doubtful Realms Repoſe.

Go on, Brave Youth, and *MARLB'ROUGH*'s Honours ſhare,
MARLB'ROUGH! that taught You all the Arts of War:
Propitious Heaven ſhall ſurely aid your Cauſe,
And *GEORGE*'s Praiſes crown the vaſt Applauſe.
May Laurels ever green adorn your Brow,
(Our Great *AUGUSTUS* has ſuch Wreaths enow)
May wiſh'd Succeſs on ev'ry Step incline,
That STERLING may in future Annals ſhine
Glorious as BLENHEIM, happy as the BOYN.

When *EUROPE*'s diff'ring States again ſhall jar,
And faithleſs Nations urge an impious War,
Your Sword ſhall teach the GAUL to keep his Vow,
And learn the ſtubborn SPANIARD how to Bow.

F I N I S.